VOLUME LV CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905. NUMBER 29

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

The very rich man who conducts his business as if he believed that he were a law unto himself, thereby immensely increases the difficulty of the task of upholding order when the disorder is a menace to men of property; for if the community feels that rich men disregard the law where it affects themselves, then the community is apt to assume the dangerous and unwholesome attitude of condoning crimes of violence committed against the interests which in the popular mind these rich men represent.

* * *

It is far more important that they should conduct their business affairs decently than that they should spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy.

* * *

This nation never stood in greater need than now of having among its leaders men of lofty ideals, which they try to live up to and not merely to talk of. We need men with these ideals in public life, and we need them just as much in business and in such a profession as law.

* * *

The great lawyer who employs his talent and his learning in the highly remunerative task of enabling a very wealthy client to override or circumvent the law is doing all that in him lies to encourage the growth in the country of a spirit of dumb anger against all laws and of disbelief in their efficacy.

—From President Roosevelt's speech at the Harvard Commencement, June 28.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905. NUMBER 29

ANGELS.

How shall we tell an angel
From another guest?
How, from the common worldly herd
One of the blest?

Hint of suppressed halo,
Rustle of hidden wings,
Wafture of heavenly frankincense,
Which of these things?

The old sphinx smiles so subtly:
"I give no golden rule,
Yet would I warn thee, World, treat well
Whom thou call'st fool."

—Gertrude Hall.

The Indian Messenger for July 23rd has the following note: "The Rev. W. C. Gannett, whose sermon on 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' we insert in our selection columns this week, is with Mr. Jones, mentioned in one of our late issues, another veteran American worker in the same field in which we of the Brahmo Samaj are laboring. His discourse will, we hope, touch some of the inmost cords in the hearts of our Indian readers. How truly, ably, and at the same time most simply, are some of the deepest experiences of spiritual life portrayed by the preacher."

Caroline Bartlett Crane, with the Woman's Civic Improvement League at the back of her, is a terror to the untidy as well as to the wicked in Kalamazoo. Having done much towards purifying the meat markets of the state and city, she has recently persuaded the city council to adopt the Waring system of street cleaning The sweepers will be clothed in white suits and helmets, and will gather the sweepings into bags to be hauled away by teams. This is clearly civic house-cleaning, which is a part of civic house-keeping, and house-keeping is the confessed province of women.

A Baptist world congress was recently convened in London. The friends of progressive religion, irrespective of name, are meeting in a liberal conference at Geneva, Switzerland, this month. The months of October and November will be dotted with congresses and conferences of many names, but in every case we predict that the circumference will be hard to outline, and even the name will call for subtle argument and academic discrimination in order to justify the same, so inevitable is the tendency to unity and to count in every good thing and every good man in sight. The fact that denominations do exist, that powerful machineries are in operation, does not prove that denominations must always exist or that a machinery once useful must forever be kept in motion.

It was a happy stroke of business enterprise on the part of Mr. Post to secure for his publication, *The Public,* Tolstoy's article entitled "A Great Iniquity," which appeared in the issue of August 19, eighteen days after its first appearance in the *London Times,* and if we mistake not the article is to become a classic which must be reckoned with by those who would study the land problems. Tolstoy wrote for Russia, but land monopoly represents everywhere a perplexity ever tending towards a fundamental evil. For the present this remarkable address is obtainable only in the limited number of copies of *The Public* of above date, but eventually it must find a more permanent form. We congratulate our neighbor on his enterprise; we congratulate the readers to whom the article is made available; we congratulate the world that Tolstoy is still living and writing.

The air-ship may still be a toy, but a toy that can sail over the sky-scrapers of New York City, carrying a man, responding to his will and returning him to earth in safety, is a toy of immense significance. The difficulties in the way of air navigation can hardly be exaggerated; the prudences must be respected, and still, in the light of past experience and in the face of present demonstration, the air-ship is coming, sure. First a toy, then perhaps a "military necessity," next a luxury and an extravagance, like the present automobile, then a beast of burden, a willing servant of man, demanding a new development of spiritual power to devoutly use. Every new mastery of nature places a new responsibility upon the soul of man. Ruskin's question, What profits a man to be hurled through space at the rate of sixty miles an hour if when he gets there he has nothing worthy to do, no real interest to advance, applies here.

A postal card suggestion comes from W. C. G. of Rochester, which runs as follows:

> Can not you help start a bell-ringing all over the country at noon on the day of the signing of the Treaty of Peace,—a sort of National Thanksgiving for it?
>
> Whatever makes the people feel that the Peace of the World is a concern of all nations, makes for the keeping of that Peace in the future.

The weekly character of UNITY's visits may bring the suggestion too late to our readers, but it will come in time to ring the bells of the heart, aye, and let the

joy chimes be heard in pulpit, in school room and by fireside. Now is the time to rim the stars and stripes with white and fling them to the breezes everywhere in token of the one more chance. Let the doors of the Temple of Janus be closed, for once more there is peace among the nations, and in this moment of glad exultation let judgment take prompt steps towards making this, perhaps the most bloody war in history, the last.

In the news items that come to our eye that which is unsaid is often of more real significance than that which is said. At the Baptist Congress in London, says *The Boston Transcript,* the four thousand delegates, led by Mr. Maclaren, recited the Apostles' Creed with powerful effect. It would be of greater interest to ascertain how many out of the four thousand really *meant* the Apostles' Creed, not as a party cry of a church rallying call, but as an expression of honest personal conviction. It is reported that Charles W. Alexander, the revival singer, who is now in this country, claims that the "Glory Song" has been the indirect means of leading 14,000 men and women in London and other cities in the British Isles to "confess Christ." The "Glory Song," printed in full with music in this month's *Church Economist,* is a catchy bit of doggerel verse. One would like to know what per cent of the 14,000 men who "confessed Christ" through such a means remain true to the momentary impulse, living strong, forceful lives.

The *Congregationalist* for September 2 carries the charming portrait of Frederick Dennison Maurice on its front page, and on the inside we find an interesting sketch of this genial liberal who did so much towards mellowing English theology. The writer of this article, George Perry Morris, quotes F. W. Robertson as saying, "My tastes are with the aristocrats, my principles with the mob," a quotation which he applies to Maurice, Kingsley, Hughes, Dean Stanley and others interested in humanity, but who never trusted men in the large. This halting democracy is not a peculiarity of English broad churches. It is practically the attitude, we fear, of the majority of the American men and women who prate of their democracy. The world has yet known but few thorough-going consistent democrats, those in whom faith in men as men assumed religious fervor and power. Call the roll of modern democracy in this high sense: Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Victor Hugo, Walt Whitman, Lyof Tolstoy—one hesitates long before adding other names. Who comes next?

A charming story comes to us from the Rocky Mountains of a venerable campaigner, seventy-seven years old, Henry Clay Childs, who in his earlier days served twice as speaker of the lower house in the Illinois legislature. He is now the patriarch who owns two thousand acres of land in the region of Pike's Peak and Colorado Springs, 7,800 feet above the sea; charming and valuable in its surface and supposed to hold untold wealth in its hidden depths. On all this land this "Tolstoy of the West" proposes to establish an ideal community, an "industrial society that will seek primarily to increase the power of man over nature," to which aim all personal and property rights must be subordinated. "Crystola," the name of this benign commonwealth, is already the resort of professors, ministers, editors and others who feel the lure of the ideal. Sociology knows that "there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." Many such dreams have come to naught, many more dreams are destined to fail, but every dream brings the reality a little nearer. This one or another will eventually demonstrate that there is a better way; that the game of life properly played is something far finer than a grab game. We are glad to note that the Rev. Charles Ferguson, Pastor of All Souls Church, Kansas City, whose voice was heard with much pleasure at the Congress of Religion at Abraham Lincoln Centre last May, is in the confidences of Mr. Childs and seems to be a factor in the development. Here again is a prophecy. The minister of religion will take his place again as a worthy counselor in the affairs of men, taken collectively, as he is now the trusted counselor in many individual lives. The usual dismission of the minister as a man impractical and incapable of doing business may yet be demonstrated to be a silly procedure. Perhaps, after all, the wise minister has gone deeper into problems of business than many a business man who so summarily distrusts him.

Pulpit Themes.

"Young men, always preach on great themes," was the advice of the sainted Henry Ware, Jr., to his classes in the Cambridge Divinity School. Now as the preachers return to their pulpit tasks, what shall they preach about? What are the themes worthy the sacred opportunity? The pulpit is a high place whether judged by the traditions of the past or present opportunities. Alas for the church whose minister has not been asking this question of his own soul in the quiet of his vacation seclusion; and alas for the vacation that has not brought such seclusion. Let us try for an answer.

First, negatively: It is not very well worth while to preach on the controversial subjects of theology, for those questions are being settled by other methods. It is not worth while to preach against your neighbor; it is hardly worth while to waste the Sunday morning hour in trying to compete with the daily paper, passing snap judgments on current events; still less worth while is it to expound obsolete philosophies or expose mediaeval or ancient iniquities.

Second, affirmatively: It is always worth while to preach on eternal questions, the profound verities of the soul,—death, duty and destiny; to preach on the things that unite; to search for the fundamentals,

which are always the harmonies. The demands of ethics are always pertinent in the pulpit. It is always in order to render ancient texts in terms of modern life; to summon the flippant before the Judge of all the earth, the court over which the solemnities preside. The pulpit is always in order when it emphasizes the simplicities of life, rebukes the extravagances of society and identifies civic righteousness with Godliness. To work for the salvation of the nation is to work for the coming of the kingdom of God, which task is ever the pulpit's.

The Religion of Whittier.

What did our poet have to guide his feet—
Along the path humanity must tread?—
What but the gleam "Eternal Goodness" shed—
To make the here and there in love complete?
He had "the inward light" we count so sweet,
And by its inspiration was he led,
With all of heaven to trust and naught to dread,
And show how faith and works divinely meet!
The pure Christ mind of love did well suffice,—
For this brave soul in every stress of care;
For peace he was, yet counted war the price
Of living out the meaning of our prayer;
For man must live his piety indeed,
And show by help the virtue of his creed!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A Belated Violet.

Very dark the autumn sky,
Dark the clouds that hurried by;
Very rough the autumn breeze
Shouting rudely to the trees.

Listening, frightened, pale and cold,
Through the withered leaves and mould
Peered a violet—all in dread—
"Where, oh, where is spring?" she said.

Sighed the trees, "Poor little thing!
She may call in vain for spring."
And the grasses whispered low,
"We must never let her know."

"What's this whispering?" roared the breeze;
"Hush! a violet," sobbed the trees,
"Thinks its spring,—poor child, we fear
She will die if she should hear!"

Softly stole the wind away,
Tenderly he murmured, "Stay!"
To a late thrush on the wing,
"Stay with her one day and sing!"

Sang the thrush so sweet and clear
That the sun came out to hear,
And, in answer to her song,
Beamed on Violet—all day long!

And the last leaves here and there
Fluttered with a spring-like air.
Then the Violet raised her head,—
"Spring has come at last!" she said.

Happy dreams had Violet
All that night—but happier yet,
When the dawn came dark with snow,
Violet never woke to know.

—Oliver Herford.

Whoso walketh in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass
From these companions power and grace:
Clean shall he be without, within,
From the old adhering sin.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Trip Through Yellowstone Park.

FREE DRINKS AND A FREE LUNCH.

Whether thirsty or not there are two springs by the roadside on the first day's journey that must be sampled. In the one the real Appolinaris comes bubbling from the heart of a rock and streams down under the roadbed, spreading its sparkling wealth on the mountain sides. Here is a fortune running to waste! Yet I would not advise the government to go into the bottle business, though if it is bound to be in it, suppose it close up the beer interests in the National Soldiers' Homes and take up the Appolinaris business in the National Park. We tried to save a little of the precious stuff after the Gideon plan, too improvident to own a cup. A company from Chicago found Dr. Thomas before the shrine on his knees and recognized him, probably by the attitude.

We shall always remember this place, too, by another incident. Here is where we bade farewell to a fur-robed pedestrian whom we met on the way and with whom we shared a little lunch. His home, he told us, was in the Park, the while he placed his fore paws deliberately on the wheels of the wagon, looked calmly in our eye, and ate with relish some ham sandwich from Dr. Thomas' hand. We found Mr. Bear lying not far from the road, and, stopping the wagon, beckoned for him to come. The sight of the food no doubt hastened his step. The coach ahead, seeing the strange sight, stopped and took a snap at us, and somewhere on earth there is a picture of a wild bear in the wilds of Yellowstone feeding from Dr. Thomas' hand. We did not know at the time that it was against the laws of the Park and the laws of prudence as well, and would most likely end in the death of our guest. Experience has shown that they are too treacherous to fool with, and when they begin taking liberties it seems best to remove them to another hunting ground.

The other spring is a mineral affair not exactly intoxicating, but the wise traveler, if he wishes to pursue his journey in peace will not indulge too freely. I speak with knowledge. The Park presents various temptations to the uninitiated. One wishes to climb up the unclimbable, another feels impelled to jump into the depths, another to plunge his foot into some firehole just to see what it would do. Another mingles too freely with the natives, but the writer only wanted to sample the different pools and about paralyzed the company by so doing. Why not? Sulphur and sulphur crystallized, and hot and cold, fluid and steam! But then only a cultured taste can appreciate such a delicacy!

But why tarry? One ought to plunge right in among the geysers and be done with it, and so we do at the end of the day after a ride through beautiful Gibbon Canyon, with its river folding into wild cascades and its banks steaming with the breathing holes of regions below. Strange to say the fish are not affected by the hot waters and a deer, just came to its brink for a taste, a fine, sleek doe, and gazed on us unabashed.

THE SECOND DAY.

Mammoth Hotel is built over an extinct geyser and our lunch station was in a cloud of steam, and so we were not surprised to find our next hotel (Fountain) surrounded by steamers large and small, and several geysers in easy walk. The most interesting feature here was the caldron known as "The Paint Pots." It is 40x60 feet, with many cones within and innumerable ones round its rim, all spluttering like maple sugar when "it puddin's," as the children say, and the

jack-wax lovers know it is time for the pan of snow. These have all the tints of the rainbow with Turkey added—the pearl and silver grays and deeper drabs, the pink and salmon and strawberry and chocolate and reds, each with its little cone running its own machine. That this mixture can be used with oil in paint and calsomine is demonstrated by its use on the Fountain hotel.

"We do not have to look into every fence corner," says one of our party, who loves his rest, and so now we will pass by a thousand things of interest and pause at "Morning Glory," the queen of emerald pools. Imagine a morning glory twenty feet in diameter, with fringe of gray and cream, melting into daintiest pink, with deeper shadings leading to blue and purple, with the center delicately molded in a calyx deep and dark and bottomless. Then imagine this beside the drive hardly a foot away when you can look into its very heart. There is Mystery and Beauty—petite perfection. One drank of its waters. Hot is a mild term. Campers cook their food in this flower by the roadside, so useful is added to its other charms. Except for the lack of patronage this would be a great place for the washerwoman—the whole basin is a fine laundry. One indulgent husband has made a platform over a boiling pool and there his faithful "frau" can boil her linen till it rivals in purity the snow on yonder peak.

A short ride brings us early in the day to "Old Faithful Inn," and here we tarry for two nights. The inn, I suppose, is the most pretentious and perfect piece of rustic architecture ever attempted. It is made of unhewn Norway pine at a cost of $200,000. No thought or expense is spared in carrying out the rustic plan to the minutest detail, and added to this are all the luxuries of the modern hotel. It is located in the center of the Upper geyser basin in sight of many of the most interesting geysers. First there is "Old Faithful," right by the Inn. Whatever others may do or fail to do she never goes on a strike, never has a headache, never goes off for an outing, but every new hour her cone begins to fill and seethe and boil, then dashes up in impatience over the top, then rises a dozen feet perhaps, and we say, "How pretty!" and next instant, behold that stream of splendor 150 feet in the air with the falling feathery mist on every side. It is the first to greet you and the last to say good-bye. From this the Inn takes its name (and through resemblance in regularity Doctor's appetite acquired the same title).

Every eight hours the "Riverside" for fifteen minutes pours its beautiful column of spray 100 feet in graceful curve into the river and the river in its welcome rises up in froth and foam to greet it. In daylight there is always an audience to witness it. And so one might go through the whole community of mysteries each with a beauty all its own.

More and more the people reveal themselves, Chicago always in evidence, all classes and professions. Congressman Madden and family were making a leisurely trip through the Park. For light reading along the way they had taken that thrilling volume, "The Origin and Destiny of Man," Dr. Thomas' first book published when in Aurora. It reminded me of Bill Nye, who said when at Buzzard's Bay, he and Grover Cleveland used to swap jobs just for pastime, he giving Mr. Cleveland his classic literature to feed upon, and Mr. Cleveland sending over to him his spicy messages to Congress. But somehow even the young daughter of Madden seemed interested in that heavy work.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Who Are the Cultured?

An Address by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Leclaire (Illinois) Anniversary, June 17, 1905.

Friends:—I have a ministerial friend who is very fond of yachting, who likes to take his vacation on the water. He is a fearless sailor; so fearless that he takes his little boat with the necessary luncheon, and sails out and lets his boat float day by day. When he gets sleepy, he pulls down his sail and goes to sleep. When he wakes up, he takes his bearing and keeps coasting along the shore, sometimes two or three weeks at a time, touching land only often enough to renew his supplies. But one night when he fell asleep, a great storm came up; the clouds gathered, the winds began to blow and his boat began to toss. He hardly realized the danger of the situation until it became serious business for him to make the shore. He saw the light of the lighthouse breaking through the storm, and being a skilled sailor he managed to come within hailing distance of the lighthouse, and between the cracks of thunder and flashes of lightning, he sent out his cry of distress, his "Hallao," "Hallao." Still the storm raged, the boat tossed. At last the man up in the lighthouse thought he heard something. "Hallao, hallao," the cry become more and more human. The man in the lighthouse took out his lantern, went out on the stormy pier and began to listen. Again the cry came, "Hallao, hallao." Finally he said, "Who is there?" My sailor friend, getting his courage now that he had made communication, began to be a little ashamed of his cowardice, and he said, "Who do you suppose?" The response came back prompt and quick, "I don't know, it must either be a preacher or a fool that is out such a night as this." My friend replied, "It is both, sir." "Well, then," he said, "luff around and I'll throw you a rope." So on this occasion I feel like my friend. I am both a preacher and a fool standing here trying to talk to you, who are doing a thing in which I have such great interest, but such little right to talk about. It is a fool and a preacher that rushes in where angels fear to tread, to talk about social problems in the face of the men and women who are doing it. It takes a bold man to carry the name of Jones in this company, for I know you love Jones, Sam Jones, the Jones, Golden Rule Jones, who was a friend of mine. We could talk together in the mother tongue, and I am glad and proud and honored with the privilege of standing on this platform for a few minutes, and to speak a word, perhaps such a word as the silver tongue of the Golden Rule Jones would speak were he with you to-day as he has been with you before. I am here to learn. I came down here not to talk, but to look on, and to hear or over-hear.

I remember some years ago going about 100 miles or so into the beautiful Santa Rosa Valley to visit an industrial community, Altruria they called it, a community established by a friend of mine. They had got together some forty or fifty choice spirits who were going to live in right relations one with the other. They were going to stand together under any burden. They were going to share their joys and their triumphs as well as their sympathies, and after I had had a good dinner, they gathered under the trees, just as you have, and they turned the man from Chicago on, and the man from Chicago began by telling them he had come the 100 miles to see them that he might the more intelligently preach their funeral sermon. It was rather a grim joke, but, as a matter of fact, that is just exactly what he did do. Inside of two years the visitor had a chance to preach the funeral sermon of Altruria. It was an industrial experiment that failed, and in the

funeral sermon I took occasion to say that the highest credential, the greatest compliment I could pay to it was that it died from too much excellence, and to tell the truth, my one misgiving about this business of yours is that it seems to be a little too prosperous. I am in the habit of glorifying the under dog. I like to be with the fellow that is down, and I do not see that I have much chance to find companionship here because the N. O. Nelson Company seems to be on top, and you people seem to be having pretty much your own way, and I only am sorry I can't be in with you on the cutting of this watermelon. I would like to have a slice of it myself. I think I would know what to do with it, so I rejoice with you. I rejoice in this experimental movement, because I see in it a prediction of an industrial kingdom to come. I am sure that after a while other folks will take the hint, other communities will catch the fever, and N. O. Nelson will be not such an odd stick as he is now, because there will be more of them. My only objection to him to-day is he is too peculiar, too much aloof. I look forward to you, young men and young women who are shareholders in this venture to vindicate his wisdom by multiplying and extending his methods. But I do not like to talk shop to you under the trees. I will not stand long between you and your roast beef. I am curious with you to see how that ox is done and I am going over with you and am going to have a hand in it.

I like to talk about millionaires and I like to scold them when I can get a chance at them. I like to talk to working men when I get a chance at them, but you are not working this afternoon, you are not out on that kind of a quest. I like the new educational theory. I like to talk about babies, kindergartens and education, etc.; but I don't want to talk to children about grandfathers and grandmothers, and when I have an audience of grandfathers and grandmothers I talk to them about children.

But what is it all about? This much to be sure. Let me forget that you or I are working men. I assume that every decent man or woman in this world is or ought to be a working man? The only people that the world has no use for are the idle people, the drones. I congratulate you that you have a chance to sweat, I pity only the man or woman who has no opportunity to sweat, no chance to work; the indolent, whether it be enforced indolence or a voluntary indolence, are the only paupers in this world, the only people to be pitied, the only people whose lives are indeed wretched.

These are the days of the sweet girl graduate and brave boy orators. These are the days of brass bands, picnics and white dresses, baseball contests and all that kind of thing, that belongs with the rejoicing of the schools and the pride of the diplomas. Now that is all very well. Two nights ago I was talking to a lot of graduates up there in Wisconsin. There was a basket full of diplomas. I said to them, "Boys and girls, you think that these mean a great deal. You have a great deal of pride in them, but I tell you out of my heart they don't count for much; they are not worth a great deal." The diploma to-day is no indication of culture.

What, then, is the test of the cultivated man or woman? What is the test? Are you ignorant, stupid, in the way? Or, are you intelligent, alert, helping along? How can you tell?

I will tell you. In the first place, as my good friend, Mr. Crunden, has intimated, the cultivated man or woman, the boy or girl, is one that has a good stock of cheer on hand. The man or woman, boy or girl who has courage to face life's duties. Have you got the blues? Why, you're a fool. Are you discouraged? You are no good. You are in the way. "The more trouble, the more lion," said the washerwoman to Emerson, and he put it in his essays as being the best statement of life's true attitude. You and I were not born into a cushioned world. We were born into a world full of naked rocks, full of jagged precipices; a world full of shallows and sandbars, a world that has drouth and freshets, a world of cold and heat, and it is our business to fit ourselves in this world, to be able to get along without the cushions, to be able to sleep on a hard bed, to be happy with meager surroundings, to rejoice in plain fare. "He is most like the gods who has the fewest wants," said the old philosopher, and the test of your culture and mine is not in the amount of things we want, but in the amount of things we can get along without.

My old comrades and Comrade Nelson, like the rest, remember how it was when we started out in '62. How well packed with "necessaries" were the knapsacks. How the girl we left behind us fixed up our needle-books and our portable photograph-cases, our extra night shirts, our extra pair of socks, a little ball of yarn so we could darn our socks, a towel was put in so that we could use it when we needed a bath, a nice little piece of soap and then was slipped in by our big sister a pair of slippers, they were so comfortable, they were so nice, thus we started out with a great pack of necessaries. Well, we went down South. We started on the march with the knapsack on our back. Before we had marched half a day, the slippers were thrown away. We got rid of the extra blanket next morning. We put away the towel and the soap. We thought that we had better go barefooted than to carry an extra pair of socks, if we had to carry it along. Well, to make a long story short, before we were in the campaign a week, down there in Georgia, we found that the "blamed" old knapsack was no use, and we threw the whole thing away. We had not been in the field long when we found that a tent was not necessary, that we could get along without a blanket, and we found that as mess-mates, if one carried a fork and the other carried a knife, one set would do for two. Success in the field, joy in the camp, and triumph as a soldier, depended on the things we learned to do without. Life, my young friends, is a process of cancellation. You progress by elimination. You triumph by your conquest over things, not by your accumulation of things. I pity the man or woman whose wants grow faster than their power to supply these wants. I rejoice in the boy or girl, whose growth is of such a nature that day by day they can increase the list of things they can do without. Multiply the catalogue of things that are in the way. I say, then, the test of life lies in your power to eliminate the superfluous, to fall back on the few fundamental needs.

Again, in the same way, in your intellectual life, if you are a poor reader, if you don't know the value of print, if you have not entered into the joys of letters, why you will need, let's see—you will need a daily paper, probably two of them, you will need a Sunday blanket sheet that will litter up the whole house. You will need two or three or four or five monthlies, hoping that one will be more interesting than the other. You will go around weeping because you have not money to buy a lot of books, and if you are living in St. Louis, you will get to be a perfect parasite hanging on to the skirts of Brother Crunden here, haunting that public library, wishing there might be some new countries to conquer; but if, on the other hand, you learn to live with a few great poets, if you have made the acquaintance of a few great souls, why you have your highest joy in a bookshelf no longer than that. A few great old books, a few splendid poems, and one or two authors by whom you live and with whom you are willing to die, will give you comfort enough. You do

not want much, if you know how to use what you have got; that is what I want to say.

Then, another test lies in your power of enjoyment, lies in your power of appreciation. How many of us have eyes and see not, ears and we hear not. Ruskin tells a pitiful story of two American heiresses, two young ladies, perhaps, from Boston or New York, riding through Italy, he said, through the most famous and beautiful territory in the world, every hill carrying with it a noble tradition, every valley the home of a great castle, and these two American girls pulled down the curtains of the railway car and ate their chocolates in discontent all through a hot, sticky afternoon. They had no eyes for the beautiful in nature, no ears for the harmony without, the glory of Italian scenery was naught for them. They munched their chocolates in hot discomfort, thereby proving their ignorance and their weakness.

Now, I take it that those of you who live here in Leclaire realize that anywhere, any piece of outdoors is a great book you never can exhaust, not only the four leaf, but the three leaf clover is beautiful, and these trees are eloquent, and the birds are companionable. The cultivated man or woman is measured by their power to play with a baby, even when it cries. That makes me think of a story they tell out West of a miner's camp, when there was a theatrical troupe in town, an exceptional privilege. Some man of ability was playing, perhaps Barrett, perhaps some one else, and the miners were there in great numbers enjoying the play, when suddenly there was a disturbance; there was a noise in the back part of the room. The manager had to come in front of the curtain and say, "Gentlemen, unless order is restored, the play cannot go on," when some cowboy in the rear said, "Shut up, we don't care about your play. Here is a baby crying." There is more fun, more joy, more excitement, more stimulation to those lonely bachelors in the mines coming from a crying baby than from a Barrett or Booth playing. That means good, healthy humanity. That means great power of appreciation.

Then again I find the test of a man or woman of their growth lies in their power of companionship, in the breadth of their sympathy, in the scope of their interest. Beware of the man who loves but one country, you may be sure he loves no country. I will not say what someone has said, that patriotism is the last resort of knaves, but I will say with George Eliot that patriotism in the narrow sense is the virtue of small minds. I yield to no man my love for the American flag. I yield to no man my enthusiasm for my country, but I despise the globe trotter, who goes around the world and comes back impressed with one simple fact, that his country is the chief, and the only thing worth studying, and he is the biggest thing in that country. You must learn to have the open heart and the open mind. You must learn that all nations at the core are one, and that every flag has its story of valor and self-denial, of power and love, and if you would be a true American, if you would honor the stars and stripes, you must place alongside of it in your affections and your sympathies, the English Jack, the French tri-coleur, the German colors, Italy's, Scandinavia, China, Japan and the others. All lands and the sea belong to the list that the working man rejoices in. I love to remind some people that the word "international," which we now are using so glibly, probably had its rise as a popular term among the Order of Working Men. It was the blacksmiths of England meeting in conference and the blacksmiths of Germany, Russia and Italy that first emphasized the word international. They and their kindred, I mean of the labor union, take the word to mean a gospel which we are more and more learning to respect and honor, and so, friends, I am glad to be here with you to-day to rejoice in your rejoicing. If you know a good thing you will keep hard on to what you have got; you will work out this problem, the N. O. Nelson problem. Soon he will be benignantly rid of his stock, I hope. He seems to be started on his way, he may succeed in the path which Carnegie seems to be utterly unable to travel. It is a great bother, in spite of his effort, Carnegie will have the great disgrace of dying rich. I am sorry for him. I would like to help him out of his predicament, but if N. O. Nelson lives long enough, he may have the glory of dying poor, and I wish him success in his attempt in this direction. I rejoice in his skill in that direction, but chiefly, friends, let's forget the things that separate. To-day we are not employer nor yet employe. To-day we are not country people nor yet city people. To-day, with your permission, I cease to be a minister. I am no preacher. I am simply one of you. We are all under the shade of these elms, under the sky of God, on this green sward of nature, remembering that here to-day are mingled the faiths of many religious creeds, here to-day are mingled in this little company of 600 or more souls, races, classes, sex and sects enough to get us all into a pretty muss if we began to insist upon our antagonisms, if we began to dispute about the things we are doubtful about; but we forget the things that we are doubtful about, we rejoice in the things we agree upon and are waiting for the dinner call. Perhaps if the beef is good and there is a little time left, I may think of some of the good things I did not say and recall some of the stories I did not remember, and we will finish this speech over at the pavilion.

Princess Alice's Way.

What makes me like to do them? Well, I'll tell you.
I have a secret which you do not know,
Although we've talked together all the summer
Until this one last day before you go.

I used to play that I was Princess Alice,
And not a country girl, named Hannah Jane;
I fancied that I lived in stately Windsor,
Where lords and ladies followed in my train.

I played I had a dress of rosebud satin,
And one of lacey white with knots of blue,
And toys and story-books—if you could see them!—
Why, even now I half believe it's true.

But always, in my finest dreams of splendor,
A sudden call would spoil my happy fate:
"Oh, Hannah Jane, come in and wash the dishes!
Oh, hurry, Hannah Jane, it's getting late!"

I didn't like it? No, I guess I didn't.
I do not *love* it yet, to tell you true;
But I have found that I enjoy it better,
When they are calling, to pretend I do.

And so I make believe there's nothing nicer
Than washing dishes on a summer day;
For, if the Princess Alice chose to wash them,
Of course she'd do it in a royal way.

I never tell the others what I'm thinking.
Sometimes I fancy how surprised they'd be
To know a princess helps them in the kitchen.
The princess knows it, that's enough for me.

—*Emma Endicott Marean in Good Housekeeping.*

And ever, by day and night, under the sun and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to react on one another, move all we restless travelers through the pilgrimage of life.—*Dickens.*

THE PULPIT.

Intellectual and Moral Values.

A SERMON BY DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS.

A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death, than the day of one's birth. Eccl. 7:1.

Words are signs used to express ideas. The word idea, from *idium,* to see, means a mental vision, a something seen by the mind. It may be something seen by the eye, a tree, a house; or it may be a mental conception, as when the mind says, I see a certain statement; that is, the mind comprehends, or understands it.

To these ideas, visions, mental perceptions, we give names by which they are known and understood in the intellectual commerce or exchange of ideas in conversation, in public address, and in written or printed speech. The name stands for a certain thing or idea, either material, as an object in nature, or some proposition in the world of reason, or morals, or certain states of mind and heart, as anger, hatred, fear, sorrow; or of good will, peace, love.

The words the name gives to ideas stand for things; for properties and qualities; for uses and values. Thus we name the metals, as gold, silver, platinum, iron; and the timbers, lands, fowls and animals. And these names extend to the world of mind and heart; to a certain assemblage of mental and moral qualities, as reason, truthfulness, justice, honor, and the emotions of pity, kindness, love, we say they are good. When connected in life, character, we say that is a good man, a good woman. And we say of unreason, hatred, revenge, cruelty, injustice, that they are bad; that they work evil to the individual and the community; and when found connected in life or conduct, to the person is given a bad name; the man or woman is in bad social repute.

And now, if you let the term "precious ointment" stand for the general name of external wealth, money, property, luxury, we have the two forms of virtue; that of the mental and moral, and the material; placed one over against the other, or the one compared with the other, and our text affirms that these qualities of mind and heart are the more valuable.

This does not necessarily mean at all that the same person may not have both; that material possessions are antagonistic to wealth of mind and heart. They may go together and the one supplant the other. But it does mean that wealth should be honestly acquired and benevolently used.

There is a vast difference between matter, property, honestly created, earned, and generously used, and that which is unfairly gotten and used to oppress others. Nature is vastly, munificently abundant in her provisions for the needs of man; the sources of supply are almost inexhaustible; our world has hardly touched the surface of this possible abundance. Could it be rightly developed and used there would be no poverty; all would have plenty; there would be no hungry people; no families shivering in the cold; no neglected children crying upon the streets.

The plan of nature, of God, looks to all; not to the few; and yet this purpose puts great responsibility upon the individual. Each life has its own needs of body and soul; each life should as far as possible be self-earning; and all lines should co-operate for the common good; and only in this way can the social and economic problem of a world be satisfactorily solved.

Every honest producer is a benefactor; those who cultivate the soil, those who manufacture—make of wood, stone and iron, things of use, build houses, construct machinery, build and operate railroads and ships, and not less necessary and valuable, those who handle the products of industry, the merchants and business men. And the more honest success in all these lines, the better for all. The more grain and fruits raised the greater the plenty for all; the cheaper this can be done, and the less expense of transportation, the less cost to all.

If inventions should reach a perfection so great that the labor of man would be reduced a hundredfold more, and that fewer hours of toil would be required, it should all add to the plenty and comforts of mankind; but to be and do this, there must be a larger mind and heart wealth. And so, let us make a study of mental and moral values.

Our age is so busy with these objectives that there is danger of neglecting the subjectives. Our attention is so fixed upon the external forms of value, upon lands, houses, property, money, business, that these things are coming to fill and hold the first place in thought and action. And when the teachers of morals and religion say anything about economics, about the ethical side and values of life, they are thought by many to be dreamers, visionists, meddlers in things about which they know little or nothing; or are called socialists, or anarchists, and are sometimes told to preach religion and let business and politics alone.

But what is religion? What is the value of a religion that has no practical relation to life? The world has had in the past a superabundance of the speculative, of the dogmatic; of theories about the person of the Christ; about original sin, atonement, heaven and hell, or the things to come.

It is not proper to say that these have had no place or value; they met a supposed need of the time; they helped divide the religious world into contending sects, but through all the mind of man is reaching a large and more reasonable faith. And now the mind and heart of the people are coming to see and to emphasize the practical, the this-world values of religion; a religion that sees the essential, that which the Lord requires, in dealing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before God. Instead of a religion, a scheme, a plan, to save souls in some other world beyond the grave, we are coming to think of and ask for a religion that can save the bodies and souls of the people in this world. A religion of character, of humanity and justice; a religion of the heart and life; of love to man and God; the Christ life, the kingdom of heaven in the heart that shall make man the friend, the helper, the brother of man.

The old prophets were all instinct with the life of their time; they rebuked the sins of kings, and pleaded for righteousness. John the Baptist, coming forth from the wilderness, had nothing to say about Noah and the Ark; about the Tower of Babel; about the sun and moon standing still; he preached repentance; a change of mind; the kingdom of heaven was at hand; it was time to see life in a new light; to see this kingdom of heaven as the kingdom of rational and moral values, and that souls could enter it only by leaving the wrong and turning to the right. To the Pharisees and Sadducees he said, It is not enough to have Abraham as your father; the tree that brought not forth good fruit must be cut down; the wheat must be separated from the chaff. When the multitude asked what they must do, he said: Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none; and him that hath bread do likewise; to the taxgatherers he

said: Exact no more than is just; to the soldiers: Do violence to no man. And that was the teaching of the Christ; repentance, change of mind, right thinking and feeling; a kingdom of mind and heart within that would make right the outer life.

And we of this day have much to emphasize to ourselves the need and value of the mental and the moral. Some other and higher estimate is to be put upon life than its negotiable value in a bank. And all this is not to lessen the need and value of external things; that is the other extreme or mistake; it is to find the right relation of things. And when this is done, it will appear that it is from and through the higher natures of man that these other things are possible; and that their use and value must be found in their ministrations to the higher.

The more we study life, the more does this world stand forth and rise up as a mind, a heart world. Plato argues that ideas are things; are phototypes of the phenomenal or objective world. What we see is the effect of an unseen cause; that cause is the thing itself in ideal form. The tree idea becomes the tree; the animal idea becomes the animal; the world idea becomes the world; the man idea becomes a man. The idea is the essence, and the producing cause of that which assumes the outer form that is apparent to the senses.

Physical science is aware of an ultimate essence of things, but physical science cannot find that essence; it eludes all physical research, and for this reason, that it is itself metaphysical, beyond the physicist, it belongs to the mind. In the thought world it is an idea, a mental perception, cannot be grasped by the senses. Hence Plato is properly called an ideal philosopher, he deals with the metaphysical, that which lies back of the phenomenal.

Whatever we may think of the ideal philosophy, this much we must admit is true: the things that the human mind creates are first in the mind as a thought, an idea, or mental conception, before they take shape in outer forms. The mechanic constructs the house, the engine is his mind before he goes forth to give it actual form, and so of the business man; he makes his plans first and then puts them in operation, and the same is true of politicians and statesmen; there is first the plan of a party or a government, the ideas or principles upon which it is to rest, and then comes the work of arranging them in order and in action.

We all understand that mankind must be approached from the mind and emotional side; must be moved by thought and feeling. This appeal may be made to the lowest or the highest thoughts and feelings; it may be addressed to the sense of hunger, of fear, of personal desire, of anger, revenge, or it may be addressed to the higher nature, to the conclusions of reason, or the principles of justice—the emotions of pity, of love, the love of home and country, of man and God.

When we look out upon all that man has done in this world, and ask for the moving causes, we may at first see the apparent, the near causes, and not the deeper, the subjective, the real causes that lay back in the unseen. When the storm beat upon our north shore and undermined and broke through the stone wall that rose up between the lake and the beautiful driveway, those looking at the destruction might have said: See what the water is doing, and truly. But water alone is quiescent, the child may play upon the beach. Another might have said: See what the wind is doing, lashing the lake into mighty on-creeping waves; but the air is gentle; it fans the brow of the child by the lake sands. There is a force back of them; the force of the sun's rays, and electrical forces causing the conditions that produce the storm of beating winds and raging waters.

We look out upon the wonderful creations of man in the last few centuries; the inventions and discoveries that have made possible the new age in which we live, and we are apt to stop with the physical, to say, look at the possibilities of iron, of steam, electricity; of the great ships on the seas and the trains on the land; look at the high buildings, the far-spanning arches; look at the telegraph, the cable, the telephone, electric lights and motor.

But what made possible, what arranged these mighty forces and set them in motion, made them obedient to the will of man?

No new material nor elements have been added to the world-stuff of the earth, and the universe, in these last centuries; the iron was here, the electricity was here through the long ages when men paddled or sailed their little canoes and ships of war and peace; all the forces now in use, were here when men worked with their hands and the simplest mechanical appliances; all the forces were here when men journeyed on horseback or in stage coaches, and sent letters by slow-moving mails.

The power back of all the wonderful forces of the present is the power mind; the power that could call forth and utilize the mighty forces of nature; the inventive and constructive genius of a Fulton, a Morse, an Edison. This is first a mind-world; then a material world, and only mind can use the mighty forces of nature.

We look with amazement upon the material possibilities of our time, but there is something greater that makes these possible. It is the high civilization of which they are the product. The creation of a state, a nation, a government of the free, is a far greater work than the construction of a steam engine or an electric motor. That has to deal simply with properties where nature, action and laws are fixed, hence known and arranged; the mechanical structure will do its work.

Not so with a government, a nation; that has to deal with the thoughts and feelings of millions of rational, volitional, sentient beings; that has to deal with the ever surging tides of emotions, of the feelings that move mankind. That has to appeal to the rational and moral nature of all these millions; they have to come to general agreements as to what is right, as to the underlying principles upon which the government must rest, and the working form in which it shall become effective.

A military despotism is a much simpler affair; the one, or the few, rule by force; the many have to submit; but in a republic, a democracy, the people rule; the majority says what shall or shall not be the order of things. A government of the free is possible only when by intelligence and virtue there can be just agreements and large co-operation to secure their peaceful working. It is not strange that in such a government there arise sectional and factional or party interests and strifes, and that within these arise selfish ambitions for power or gain; but to have and maintain a government of the free there must rise above these the larger idea and sentiments of a country and the love of country in which all can be united for the common good.

That over eighty million people in this land, each one free to reason, to speak, to act, can co-operate,

can be as one, in the large life and love of a country, is far more wonderful than that mind has gained the mastery over material forces. It means that minds have come to self-mastering; it means that ideas, mental and spiritual visions of a moral order, have come to their minds and hearts; that they are working with moral laws, just as literally as the mechanic works with material laws; and that they feel in their consciences this binding authority of the principles of justice, and that these principles somehow relate man and his world to the Infinite, to God, to the universal order of the good.

To all thoughtful minds there can be no doubt about the great value of high moral ideals, and the moral emotions that concrete these in the law and life of love to man and God. We have no fears about the trueness of nature; we trust everything to its changeless laws in the vast industries of land and sea; there is no doubt now about the ability of man to master the material world and that its activities will go forward in larger forms in the years to come. Our deeper concern is for the stability and progress of the moral order. With not a few it is a question even whether there is in the constitution of things the essential principles of the right, the good. To these minds the good, the right, is a question of expediency, of sense, pleasure, utility, loss or gain; and not of moral quality; with such views it is not strange that a great nation of the free should be borne away by the pride of power and conquest and lower its high ideals of the rights of man, as man. Nor strange that the greed of gain should lead to the public injustices and oppressions of great corporations and monopolies, the corruptions of political parties and the fall of trusted men in high places.

With all these, it is not a question of essential right, —they question, doubt and deny the fundamental fact of right as an eternal principle, and hence think and act upon the basis of the expedient, balancing the chances of loss or gain and not scrupling even to corrupt legislation and influence the decisions of courts of justice. And with such thinking there is little hope in any appeal to a Higher Power, for it questions and doubts the very existence of such a Power. This sense philosophy that sees man as only a physical existence, a creature rising up from the earth and returning to dust at death, and not as a spiritual being related to and having a conscious place in the world of rational and moral principles and qualities, thinking the thoughts and living the life of the Infinite, has and can have no such thing as the Moral Order of the Good. And it is in this material and agnostic thinking that we must find the sources of the moral decline and the religious indifference of these strange years. Here is our weakness and our danger.

But there is no such doubt or decline on the sense side of our material existence; and for the reason that the great fad of a Material Order is not questioned. The laws of gravity and motion, of chemical and vital forces and affinities are accepted as facts, and we know that it is only in working with these laws that we can succeed. This larger knowledge and power to do came from the inductive philosophy of Bacon that turned the thinking of the 17th century from the political wars and narrow and superstitious views of religion to a study of nature. Religion had rested largely upon authority for truth; Bacon took truth for authority, and this method easily passed over to the fields of religion and became the inspiration of a new and larger theology and liberty. But that which opened the doors to the larger visions and values of the material—gave man a new world and life, strangely enough now obscures his vision of the spiritual.

The fault is not in the inductive method, nor in truth for authority; these must stand. But we must discriminate between the planes of knowledge. Material things must be learned and known through the senses and the perceptive reason that can deal with the world of properties; and a wonderful world it is, and of it man is physically a part. The error, mistake, is in trying to make the sense philosophy cover the whole field; for man is more than a creature of sense; he is a mind, a self-conscious being conditioned in conscious relations to other beings like himself. Out of these relations arise the corresponding duties of truthfulness, justice, reciprocity, kindness, love, the other—caring in the home, in society and a country. Morality is *right relation* of man to man; right relation of the soul to God, is religion.

In all this there is the *higher* natural, but not the *contra* natural. Morality, religion, on its higher plane, is just as natural as any fact of the material world, but it is life on the higher plane of the rational and the good; and we must think that God—the Infinite goodness in action, is the most natural of all; the nature of nature.

As seen in this light there is nothing vague, nothing superstitious in the great thought of the Moral Order of the Good in this and all worlds; it is the lower natural rising to the higher natural; it is man rising from the realm of sense and material properties to the higher consciousnes of the moral qualities of the good. And these qualities are not less real to the soul than are the sensations pleasure and pain to the body. Indeed, they are more real, for we can know the qualitative in the deeper sense of being ourselves the qualities of the good; being truth, justice, love—like God, goodness in action. We should gladly concede to the sense philosophy its own field of the material and rejoice in its wonderful revelations; but it should not claim to be the all of the transcendent nature and life of man. It offers, can offer, no satisfactory explanation of his existence; drops him in the darkness of death; the spiritual vision of being relates man to the Infinite truth, life, and love; bids him journey from cradle to tomb amidst the glad duties and triumphs of the morally grand in doing and becoming, and beneath the skies of the forever.

The value of the intellectual and the moral appears in the harmonious development of the whole man. physical, mental and moral.

A civilization to be great and enduring must be many-sided, all sided; must carry up in its proper proportions and uses the whole structure of the labor and thought of all industries and business, of education, the home, government and religion, and in all must be the crowning qualities of the great virtues. The greatest need of this and all times has been great and good lives; lives too great to be little and mean; lives that like the Christ rise above the mounts of temptation and are ready to die for the true and the good. The wealth of the world is in its intellectual and moral values; the need of these strange and wonderful years is the vision and life of the Divine, of righteousness, moral principles, right relations in our great social order. "Precious ointments," display, luxury, are as nothing compared to the great qualities of mind and heart. Only the good is eternal, and O, thank God, all may be rich in justice, kindness, love; rich in the great faith and hope that sees our weary toiling world journeying to the better, and can say, "The day of death is better than the day of birth."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Some French Books That American Women Ought to Read.

By Stephane Jousselin,

(Member of the Paris Municipal Council and of the General Council of the Seine.)

By far the most agreeable of all the recollections of my recent tour in the United States is the excellent education and the admirable intelligence of the American woman. I was particularly well pleased with her knowledge of and her interest in the literature of France. I know of no other part of the world, with the possible exception of Russia, where the women so generally speak the French language, and where the study of our literature is so closely followed as it is in America. I must say here that I consider the education of the American woman infinitely superior to that given in France. This is especially noticeable in the case of young girls, who, more often than not, are extremely well-read.

The American woman is deeply interested in French literature. The number of women in the United States who speak French fluently is considerable, and I shall never forget the delightful hours spent in many charming American homes in the large cities of the country, discussing art and literature. There is one fact, however, which I cannot explain,—that is, the extraordinary selection of French books which, as a rule, I find lying around in American libraries.

Many times, in positive amazement, I have asked my amiable hostess how she came to possess those copies of some of the most disgusting novels published during the year, the titles of which I do not care to mention for fear of advertising them further. The reply was always to the effect that the volume had been purchased at a well-known bookseller's as one of the latest Parisian novelties, the lady adding that her nature had more than revolted at its broad, unhealthy tone. This acknowledgment was always followed by the request "Do tell us what French books we ought to read and what ones we can give to our daughters."

It is a difficult and somewhat embarrassing task to answer such a question, for there is no more delicate undertaking than that of counselor in such matters. I, therefore, usually tried to escape responsibility by suggesting a few of the classic novels which every one in France knows by heart. Alas! I was generally met with the statement: "Oh, we read that long ago. The book has been translated into English, and, besides, we read it in the original text. What we really want is a list of new books, moral ones; for, surely, all the actual literary productions of France cannot be like this example."

Why is it that the very books a French woman would not admit to her home must be the ones that find their way across the ocean into the homes of American women, who, half the time, do not understand them, but upon whom they leave a most deplorable impression of our French literature? I have searched in vain for an explanation. Here is the only possible one: as a rule, the publishers bring out a larger edition of the immoral novels, and evidently they prefer such to form the greater part of what they call *"literature d'exportation."*

But to answer the questions of my American friends who are anxious to read good French novels. Need I recall, even briefly, the names already so well known in America—Paul Bourget, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, René Bazin, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, and others? These are the worthy successors of Maupassant, Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet, although I certainly would not say that their works ought to be left in the hands of the young and unsophisticated. A judicious selection can easily be made. For example, it is certain that some of Zola's books, such as "Le Réve," "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," "Une Page d'Amour," give us a delightful impression of the charm and poetry of the author's genius, whereas "Nana," "La Bête Humaine," "L'Assommoir," and others, notwithstanding the real talent they display, can only sicken a delicate mind by their too-evident search for degrading realism. Is there any more charming book than "Lettres de Mon Moulin," by Alphonse Daudet? I looked for them in vain in America. No one knew them. This is a great pity, for they are each one a veritable jewel in its way, and far superior to "Sapho," the presentation of which on the stage recently caused such a tempest of indignation in New York.

While speaking of Alphonse Daudet, I must not forget to mention his son, Léon Daudet, who has so richly inherited from the paternal genius. Although still young, he is a member of the Goncourt Academy, and his triumphs are innumerable. It would almost seem as if the name of Daudet brought with it literary gifts. The brother of Alphonse, Ernest, is a remarkable historian and a charming novelist; while Madame Daudet, the widow of Alphonse, has published a book of "Souvenirs," the inspiration of which proves an undeniable literary temperament. Everything, indeed, written by a Daudet is worth knowing.

George Sand is, to my mind, not so well known in America as her great genius merits. Even in this great Paris, where every one and everything is so quickly forgotten, her books are still extremely popular. "La Petite Fadette," "Claudie," François le Champi," "Consuelo," and " La Mare au Diable" are masterpieces which should be in every library, and which old and young alike can read.

But, my questioners will say, none of these are exactly novelties. Very true. But what is really beautiful remains eternally beautiful, and, in order to speak of modern authors, we must turn our attention to those, unfortunately, very much inferior to George Sand. While I still speak of past works, however, let me not forget one whose success has not diminished by lapse of time. I refer to "Le Crime de Sylvester Bonnard," by Anatole France, a delicious story full of tenderness, charm, and emotion.

I want to mention André Theuriet, a true romancer, whose novels are full of poetry and sentiment, and can be left unhesitatingly in any hands. Gustave Drog has amused us, and can amuse any who will give themselves the trouble to read his "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé" or "Mme. Femme Génante," but he is especially captivating in a delicious volume entitled "Tristesses et Sourires." This last is not a novel, but a series of observations so cleverly and daintily penned that it can be reread many times.

Victor Cherbuliez and Léon de Tinseau can be recommended without hesitation, as can also Edouard Rod, who becomes more and more eminent as a psychological analyst. And Huysmanns, what an admirable writer he has become within the past few years! His "Cathédrale" is a treasure of learning and beauty.

FRENCH WOMAN WRITERS.

I must not forget to remind American women that our women of France have not remained outside the literary movement. Among the French writers of

the gentler sex, I would first mention Jean de la Bréte, whose book entitled "Mon Oncle et Mon Cure" is a dainty masterpiece which has been crowned by the French Academy. But especially would I speak to Americans of Madame Bentzon, who has written two books of notes and observations. "Femmes d'Amérique" and "Les Américaines chez Elles." I have heard a number of American women say that these volumes show on the part of the author, not only a clear insight into the feminine nature, but also a particular discernment into the special complexities of American feminine nature.

Before concluding, let me say once more how deeply I admire America's young women who, in the never-ceasing desire to improve their minds, cultivate their literary tastes and capacities to such a high degree. What an example for our young French women, whom I would like to see take more interest in the literatures of England and America and appreciate both as they deserve. French women need just such a stimulus—*From the Review of Reviews.*

We have received from India the Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Sadharan Brahmo-Samaj. The society has passed a successful and growing year, and its report is of interest. We reprint from the first page of the report, the Principles of Brahmoism:

PRINCIPLES OF BRAHMOISM.

(1) There is only one God, who is the Creator, Preserver and Saviour of this world. He is Spirit; He is infinite in power, wisdom, love, justice and holiness; He is omnipresent, eternal and blissful.

(2) The human soul is immortal, and capable of infinite progress, and is responsible to God for its doings.

(3) God is to be worshiped in spirit and in truth. Divine worship is necessary for attaining true felicity and salvation.

(4) To love God and to carry out His will in all the concerns of life, constitute true worship.

(5) Prayer and dependence on God and a constant realization of His presence, are the means of attaining spiritual growth.

(6) No created object is to be worshiped as God, nor is any person or book to be considered as infallible and as the sole means of salvation; but truth is to be reverently accepted from all scriptures and the teachings of all persons without distinction of creed or country.

(7) The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man and kindness to all living beings are the essence of true religion.

(8) God rewards virtue, and punishes sin. His punishments are remedial and not eternal.

(9) Cessation from sin, accompanied by sincere repentance, is the only atonement for it; and union with God in wisdom, goodness and holiness is true salvation.

By an inadvertent omission of foot-notes in our reviews of The Master-Word and Where Dwells the Soul Serene in the issue of July 20th, we neglected to mention that the former is by L. H. Hammond, published by Macmillan Co., and the latter by Stanton Kirkham Davis, published at Oscawana-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Upland Farms Alliance.

Mr. Chadwick's Later Poems.†

The early notice in UNITY columns of this volume of Mr. Chadwick's "Later Poems," published since his death, will not exclude a further word, for every lover of his prose or verse ought to know this book, if only for the beautiful portrait of himself that forms its frontispiece.

There is nothing here, perhaps, of so wide-reaching and lasting appeal as some of the earlier poems and hymns. But there is ample witness to the fruitful cultivation of his poetic gift, down to the latest days. Many of the poems are occasional, and some have the sweet, domestic quality of Chadwick, the friend and companion of the home, or of the large household of faith that he so loved and served. Chadwick, the New England boy, is also much in evidence, whether as glorifying the Pilgrim and Puritan heritage of which he was so proud, or as sternly regretting our national departure from its high ethics of humanity. But most of all appears Chadwick, the matured thinker and wise lover of life. His growth as a poet shows best in his increasing mastery of the sonnet's "narrow plot of ground." As an instance of what he became capable of doing, as well as to show his undying aspiration to do better, here is the last poem in the book:

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

THE LAST JOURNEY, FROM CHESTERFIELD TO NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1904.

Splitting the evening silence like a wedge,
Our flying team sped its appointed way,
And high above the black horizon's edge
The full-orbed moon made night a softer day.
And ever as she sailed through cloud and clear,
One faithful star toiled onward in her wake,
Seeming as if, with heart of dauntless cheer,
Night's urgent queen it hoped to overtake.

In vain the toil, and to my inward eye
I was that star, the moon my flying goal,
Which through the spaces of an ampler sky
Still lured and baffled my adventurous soul,
Defeated ever, yet divinely blest:
One more insatiate striver for the best.

R. W. B.

Free Lectures in Science of Being.

The Church of the New Thought (according to the Science of Being) has provided a series of free lectures in the department of the College of Science of Being. They are a preparation for the systematic study of the Science of Being, and the public is cordially invited to listen to them. No charge whatever is made. Students are, however, urged to provide themselves with a copy of "How We Master Our Fate," textbook used in the work pursued in this course.

Subjects and dates are as follows:

Sept. 7, Thursday evening, 8 o'clock—"The Law of Man's Being."
Sept. 11, Monday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock—Same subject.
Sept. 14, Thursday evening—"Living by Insight."
Sept. 18, Monday afternoon—Same subject.
Sept. 21, Thursday evening—"Man's Destiny."
Sept. 25, Monday afternoon—Same subject.
Sept. 28, Thursday evening—"How We Master Our Fate."
Oct. 2, Monday afternoon—Same subject.

The lectures will be held in Hall, 732 Fine Arts Bldg., 203 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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†Later Poems, by John White Chadwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Her mind is catholic, well ordered, and broad,—always full of other people's interests, never of her own.

MON.—"By me sowl, ma'am, it's not descinded at all I am; I am one o' the common sort, jist."

TUES.—I only know that children should never be hungry, that there are ignorant human creatures to be taught how to live; and if it is a hard task, the sooner it is begun the better, both for teachers and pupils.

WED.—One cannot hurry Mother Nature very much, after all, and one who has much to do with her falls into a peaceful habit of mind.

THURS.—It is so beautiful to feel one's self of infinite value to one other human creature; to bear beside one's own step the tread of a chosen companion on the same road.

FRI.—It is odd to see how soon, if one has a strong sense of humanity, one feels at home in a foreign country.

SAT.—"When a man will stop, coming in the door, an' stoop down to give a sthroke and a scratch to the pig's back, depend on it, ma'am, him that's so friendly with a poor fellow crathur will make ye a good husband."

—*Penelope's Irish Experiences, by Kate Douglass Wiggin.*

The Howlery Growlery Room.

It doesn't pay to be cross—
It's not worth while to try it;
For Mammy's eyes so sharp
Are very sure to spy it:
A pinch on Billy's arm,
A snarl or a sullen gloom,
No longer we stay, but must up and away
To the Howlery Growlery room.

CHORUS—Hi! the Howlery; ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarley, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it's only a smile that can bring us away.

If Mammy catches me
A-pitching into Billy;
If Billy breaks my whip,
Or scares my rabbit silly,
It's "Make it up, boys, quick!
Or else you know your doom!"
We must kiss and be friends, or the squabble ends
In the Howlery Growlery room.

CHORUS—Hi! the Howlery; ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarley, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it's only a smile that can bring us away.

So it doesn't pay to be bad—
There's nothing to be won in it;
And when you come to think,
There's really not much fun in it.
So, come! the sun is out,
The lilacs are all a-bloom;
Come out and play, and we'll keep away
From the Howlery Growlery room.

CHORUS—Hi! the Howlery; ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarley, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it's only a smile that can bring us away.

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

My Cow-path.

Right out through the fields and up the hill this particular cow-path runs. The hill is called a mountain by the inhabitants, and it is named the Gruppsberg. That does not affect the cow-path, however; it lies out its leisurely length, twisting to escape a bush, and turning a bit to dodge a hollow. It passes through a brook in the next field to the barn, and in dry seasons you can trace its muddy line distinctly through the shallow water.

When we first came, the cow-path did not especially impress me. There was so much to see; there were so many things to marvel at. Every night, when the sun was setting and the whole hillside was golden yellow, the cows came down the path, silhouetted against the bright sky. It was said they went up in the morning. Most of the farmers finish their milking by five, and the cows' morning constitutional was a myth to me. They were always on the top of the mountain, and they invariably came down at night. That was all.

They never were enticed far from the path. One night the father of the herd was nibbling at some clover which grew beside the path, when a bee, lighting on a flower near by, grazed his ear. Instantly that ear stood at attention, and his tail was raised. One eye rolled weatherwards, until the little red line showed at the corner. Down went the head, and that eye and its mate looked menacingly at the careless bee. Still the call of the path was loud enough to drown his anger, and he went on.

When the day was hot, the cows loitered in the cool brook, and the flies stayed with them. Even then they did not go far from the path.

One summer afternoon the sun was covered, and of a sudden a sharp wind sprang up. The trees swayed and moaned, and a hiss and crackle came from the forest. Kitty grabbed her sunbonnet and started after the cows. Rover, her dog, followed. The rain was upon them before they were half-way up the mountain, and the quick lightning played about their figures. The cows had hoped she would think of them. They were waiting near the bars. Bang! Crash! went the thunder. The zigzag lightning darted down and buried itself in the mountain. The rain beat upon the earth. It was running in great rivulets down the hillside, but, dazed and blinded as they were, the cows still stuck to that path, and instinctively felt their way over the uncovered stones.

Then it was that the real use of the cow-path dawned upon me. In sun and shower, glad or sorry, contented or angry, the feet that had been trained to walk along the trodden track in the grass kept to it. If the clover on the right smelled sweet, it did not matter. What an economy of nature it was!

There was a boy who could not see why a task should be done regularly every day, even when there was no present need for it. The boy and I had thrashed the subject over without much result.

"You remember the cow-path?" I asked.

There was a pause. "Yes," he said.

—*Helen Crumpett Lee in the Outlook.*

Wilt thou not ope this heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show,
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthened scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of heart that inly burned;
Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent,
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, the heartiest council, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"Trust thyself. Every heart vibrates to that iron string."
EMERSON.

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

That Geneva, the ancient city of Calvin, and center of the system of theology named after him, should become a chosen seat of religious free thought was surely not anticipated by that stern and orthodox reformer. Yet on a little island, in the very heart of the town, templed in green, the statue of the eccentric and eloquent radical, Jean Jacques Rousseau, is the scene of countless pilgrimages of the admirers of his revolutionary and epoch-making writings. Not far away is Ferney, the home of that brilliant free-thinker, and heroic champion of humanity, Voltaire. Only last year was dedicated with imposing ceremonies an expiatory monument to the distinguished martyr, Servetus, the victim of Calvin's intolerance. It is significant that it was erected by latter-day Calvinists, spiritual descendants of the iron-willed and uncompromising reformer who have outgrown his narrowness, and who desire in this way, as the inscription records, to atone for their master's injustice and cruelty. More surprising still the theological school of the University of Geneva, cherished by Calvin as the apple of his eye, and intended by him to be the bulwark of his theological principles, has in the course of time developed into a school of Liberal Christianity. Three of its five leading professors hold avowedly Unitarian sentiments with respect to the being of God, the nature and mission of Christ and the infallibility of the Scriptures. Geneva is no longer a strait-laced, sombre city of Puritan faith and manners. It is the beautiful, light-hearted metropolis of French-speaking Switzerland, a seat of manufactures and commerce, of learning and free thought, and the graces and amenities of life.

These meetings at Geneva are of especial interest to Bostonians, not only because quite a number of our local clergymen and Unitarian laity will attend them, but because the International Council itself was formed in Boston in May, 1900, under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association. Since its inception two general meetings have been held, and attended with phenomenal success. At its first session in London in 1901, fifteen countries and twenty-one different church connections were represented, officially or unofficially. The attendance at the public meetings ranged from 500 to 2,000 persons. At the second Congress in Amsterdam, in 1903, over 900 persons enrolled themselves and paid the membership fee. Again sixteen nationalities and over twenty different religious fellowships were included in the list of delegates, of whom 176 came from the British Isles and 26 from the United States. The proceedings and papers of both these congresses have been printed and enjoyed a wide circulation. There is every reason to believe that the forthcoming session at Geneva will be fully equal to its predecessors.

It is a movement to bring into closer union, for exchange of ideas, mutual service, and the promotion of their common aims, the historic liberal churches, the liberal elements in all churches, the scattered liberal congregations and isolated workers for religious freedom and progress in many lands. The bearers of this movement seek to purify religion from the obscurities and abuses into which it has fallen in the past, to bring it into harmony with the growing knowledge and insight of to-day, and to unite it with that individual freedom of thought and action which is the distinguishing prerogative of the modern man.

The executive committee of the Council for the present year consists of: Professor Oort, D. D., Leiden, Holland, chairman; Rev. Charles W. Wendte, Boston, secretary; Professor G. Boros, D. D., Kolozsvar, Hungary; Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England; Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, Oxford, England; Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., Boston, U. S. A.; Professor B. D. Eerdmans, D. D., Leiden, Holland; Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, Jr., Amsterdam, Holland; Professor E. Montet, D. D., Geneva, Switzerland; Professor Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, Berlin, Germany; Professor Jean Reville, D. D., Paris, France; Rev. G. Schoenholzer, Zurich, Switzerland.

The meetings at Geneva have been carefully planned to combine work with play. There will be three sermons in the three different languages which will predominate at the Congress; Rev. Dr. K. Furrer of Zurich, a learned and liberal preacher, will deliver the sermon in German; Rev. J. Emile Roberty, pastor of the leading Protestant church in Paris, the Oratoire, will preach in French, and the English sermon will be given by our eloquent American divine, Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., of New York. All these sermons will be delivered in the Cathedral of St. Pierre, from whose pupit John Calvin once poured out his fiery soul in prayer and discourse.

The other meetings of the Congress will be held in the great hall of the University. Among the eminent names represented on the committees and programmes of the Congress are, Professors H. Oort and B. D. Eerdmans, of the theological faculty of the University of Leiden, Holland, in which country the liberal wing of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the Remonstrant, Mennonite and French Walloon sects are in sympathy with the Council. Also Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, minister of the large and influential free-religious Church of Amsterdam. From France will come Professors Albert and Jean Reville, father and son, theological professors at the University of Paris and College of France; Rev. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," Pastor Gerold of Strassburg, and other representatives of the liberal wing of the Huguenot Church.

Besides these the Congress will listen to the noted French cleric, Father Hyacinthe Loyson, whose topic is "The Monotheistic Religions and Their Relations." Another interesting personality is the ex-Abbe Bourier of Sevres, who since his own departure from the Roman Catholic Church has aided 800 other French priests to leave that ancient communion, and whose newspaper, *Le Chrétien Français,* is taken by thousands of the French Catholic clergy, and has even bishops among its readers. His topic will be "The Work of Reform in France." Rev. Dr. Tony Andrè, pastor of an evangelical church in Florence, discourses on "Why Protestantism Has Made Little Progress in Italy." Pastor Althew of Basle, president of the Swiss Association for a Free Christianity, which includes half the Protestant pastors and laity of that country, will set forth the liberal cause in the Alpine republic. Professor J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford will treat of "The Recent Progress of New Testament Study in Great Britain." Hon. Samuel J. Barrows of New York speaks in French on "The Influence of Humanitarian Ideas on the Doctrines of Theology;" Professor Jean Reville of the University of Paris, on "The Separation of Church and State in France;" Rev. W. G. Tarrant of London, on "The Relations of Liberal Christianity Towards Social Reforms." Professor Otto Pfleiderer of the University of Berlin is also among the essayists. Rev. Dr. S. A. Eliot of Boston, to whose initiative the existence of the Council is largely due, was also to have read a paper, but will be unable to cross the ocean this year.

A feature of much interest will be the open discussions to follow each paper. Among those expected to participate are Professor Adolf Harnack, D. D., of the University of Berlin; Professor Dr. Francis G. Peabody, dean of the Harvard Divinity School; Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, president of the Meadville (Pa.) Theological School; Rev. Charles Wagner of Paris, and Professor Dr. Boros of Hungary.

The predominating language used will be English. Translations of important papers will be distributed among the delegates.

The local committee have provided occasions for recuperation and social enjoyment—receptions, an excursion on the beautiful lake, a banquet, an organ concert at the cathedral, etc.

The prospects favor a large attendance, many travelers abroad combining it with their summer outing. Delegates are promised from the Scandinavian countries, India, Japan and Australia. Among well-known Bostonians who are enrolled as delegates are Rev. James De Normandie, D. D., Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. Julian C. Jaynes, Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Wendte, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, Mr. Percy A. Atherton, Rev. George D. Latimer of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clifford of New Bedford, Rev. John C. Perkins of Portland, Rev. F. L. Phalen, late of Worcester, and some twenty-five others. Many of the delegates, it is hoped, will remain over and attend the International Peace Congress, which takes place at Lucerne, Switzerland, beginning September 19.

—*Rev. Charles W. Wendte, General Secretary, in the Boston Transcript.*

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